AVINASH

REPLY THROUGH SILENCE

(POEMS)

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23-SAKET BUNGALOWS,
VASTRAPUR, AHMEDABAD-380015.
(GUJARAT)

Published : *1999*

Price : *60*

Publishers : *Shashwat Prakashan*
23-Saket Bungalows
Vastrapur, Ahmedabad-380015.
Gujarat (India)

Printed by : *Pooja Graphics,*
C-137, First Floor, B. G. Tower,
O/s. Delhi Gate, Shahibaug road,
Ahmedabad-380004.

Preface

A poet has to have subject matter-a civilisation a religion, a myth and the emotions of people who belong to these things, but it should not have to be the poet's job to creat his subject-matter-it should be ready, waiting. It is not the writer's job to tell the reader what he is writing about before he starts writing about it. poems of this volume justify my above statment.

A poetry soars rather than stalks, it illumines rather than explains. The self-expression may be the purpose of a poet, but in fulfilling this purpose, he is certain to fulfil another, namely the exposition of the tides moving in Humanity in the age in which he writes. A poet is the interpreter of his age. In these days of unrest, when all is in flux and when destruction and desolation. stalk like twin evenging demons through mankind's hearts and hearths, disillusionment and self-pity become dominent.

The poems in this volume may not command any common underlying theme, in as much as they merely represent a flash of thought and retain a seperate identity of their own, but they do represent all the truth

that I have in me

This is the first collection of my English poems though I have to my credit nine such collections of poems during the period 1971-99 in hindi my mother toungue.

Six poems of this volume were published in 'American poetry anthology' in the year 1989-90.

This volume is a modest effort of the author and the author is well aware of its short falls, still if these poems excercise the least influence upon its readers, it will be enough to the author.

Avinash

CONTENTS

A REPLY THROUGH SILENCE

The best that the nature
is permitted to show
The flower, the fregrence
The frequency the flow.

I aspired, acquired
achieved, adhored
to acquaint to you
the dedication I owed

of late even
could I ever realise
I carried the ego of
giving and oblige

I remained a master
and a master I was
I retained sovereignity
and a sovereign I was

Now no more a worshipped
a worshipper may be
Now no more a doner
a donee may be

Now no more a payer
a payee is all
Now no more adjective
a noun is all

It's no more I
it's you and you
my pathoes are hence forth
a problem to you

I offer to you
my fraility my pain
these so said achievements
which are now in vein

This flimsy status
recognition is store
stand as obstacles
between us, I am sure

To become one secred
With you, I aspire
This is the sign, a diffused and
distracted Soul's cry.

The sublime the soul is
permitted to acquire
surrender, dedication, loyalty and fire.

A BLURRED MIRROR

Yes I am a witness
to the secret whispering
in the ear of life
the pronounce ment of death
with a tone so definite
(I am marching ahead)

And life from moment there after
is sad, silent and melancholy

Is not this a victory
of future over present ?
Is not this Tyranny of darkness
over light, so innocent ?

what is life ?
a flooded river
over powering the banks
sub merging the plains
making its own path
The master of its own destiny

And death ?
the very flooded river
getting dried up
in some unknown desert.

The river remains
The flow disappears
The fregrance stays
The flower looses birth

Future is future
Till it is to come
Tomorrow the next day is today
Today the next day is yesterday

Let a full-stop
preceed a fresh sentence
let a dark night
succeed a day.
that is a cycle
obviously with a start
Invariably with an end.

The first and the last point
do carry some sense.

The stars during the day
do exist but denied
The life after death
is certain but less realised.

TOUCHING THE INTENTIONS

From the first day of creation
I was under impression
That I only know thee

of, late, I started realising
I also like thee
oh! once again I am disillusioned
Something within me
has started telling me
That I crave for thee
And sure I have no hesitation
To concede
That I worship Thee

Hast thou ever realised since then
I am the first
to ring the temple bells of my lord
with each dawn of the day
I am the first to offer
The tears of my devotion towards thee

I ask for no recognition
I claim for no sympathies
Yet stile I invoke thy mercy
I pray I should
at least be known to thee.

PURE EMPTINESS

When ever I thought of thee
I felt an overwhelming fregrance
of an automn's flower

Whenever I met thee
I felt as if I was standing
at the entrance gate of a holy temple
in solitude

How is it that your mere touch
has given to me a sense of fulfilment

This endless search of 'self',
has come to an end with thee
This helpless craze of a mission
has ultimately put me to thee

I was a drop of water
before I had joined thee the ocean
And now.........
I am synonym to ocean
I am myself the ocean

This feeling of one-ness
I owe to thee
whenever I thought of Thee....

GLORY TO THORNS

Truths............
are the axioms
beyond proof
so are the feelings

A soft corner
in ths heart of sweet-heart
is like a rain bow
in a cloudy sky
to a setting sun
never say good bye
who knows what in store
is kept for you
by a dark gloomy night ?
Let's wait for a dawn
for many it may prove
to be a glorious might

How can the life
be the bed of roses
when roses owe their
glory to thorns
How can the smile
be the symbol of pleasure
when the pleasures owe
recognition to mourns.

Tears are the symbols
beyond grief
the so-called likings.

I GRANT TO YOU A FREGRANCE

Cheers to birthday..........

One more year of your life
That is no more with you
we may celebrate the surplus
but losses........would you ?

We are a part
of obvious paradox of life
we think not for future
we care not for present
we pine for what is no more

In the grave-yard of desire
we burry our efforts
lamenting over
The dreams unfulfilled
optimistic enough
to await for the eternal
unknown and unseen.

What else are we
save the host in a castle
prohibited for guests
The judge in a court
prohibited for prosecution.

The Priest in a temple
prohibited for worshipper.

Rejoicing for what.......?
For the sad process of emptiness.
Yes............Yes.
For the chain of imperfection
destined to mortal sufferings.

I grant to you a fregrance this day
But I pity the flower
could you retain its blooming
.........could you ?

We may smile for a while
would you welcome the tears
could you ?

Cheers to birth day.........

NOTHINGNESS

Better be strangers
if familiarity breeds contempt
if friendship results in enemity
if tolerance results in intolerance
if worship results in hatred.

Better be deprived
if possession results in sleeplessness
if claim contemplates quarrel.
if ownership results in malice
if only might is right

Better be melancholy
if smile is for a while
if pleasures are to be filed
if sorrow exists in disguise
if seperation is but destined.

SANDS OF TIME

Why do I feel
I am too old for a fregrance ?
Why do they say
I have now out-lived ?

The cup of my life is
full of burning desires
Yet my bands refuse
to hold the cup
Is this the age's conspiracy?
That foretells my dreams
to abandon me

I am sure
I have never allowed my inner sense
to be guided by the mischief
of milestones
What if-
I am still walking

I am definite
I have never permitted my tomorrow
to mourn my yesterday
What if-
I am still sobbing

Why do I feel
I am left unrecognised ?

Care not if-
ego is left unrecognised
The good deeds uncommended
The melodies unsung
The Tune uncomposed
The fregrance unsmelt
And the God unworshipped.

Why do I feel ?
Self deceit is celebrating
My So-called achievements
A vacuum has replaced
My fulfilment

TO FORGIVE IS GREAT

To love is a privilege
to be loved much more
I wish you to be one such
Are not you ? be sure.

Blessed may be many
much blessed are only those
who let go their comforts
for the sake of many more

To forget may be natural
to forgive is great
one makes you only human
the another a sage

The thorns may be many
The flowers much less
who remains in memory
it is easy to guess

Strangers may be many
Count the world by friends
nights may be dark not black.
promisses if sweet do never end.

The darkness has thousand eyes.
The light only one.
yet, we worship the rising run.
lamenting the setting sun.

LET THE LIFE BECOME A FLAME

When sarcastic becomes the smile
and sober the countenance
when defence becomes infructuous
and meaningless the fregrance

The turmoil is over
sadness turns pleasant
self-gain is broken
look becomes innocent

Why beg of mercy
The confidence, self-imposed
The belongiugs are no more mine
Jealousy cannot stay in store

Do not deliver a Judgement
are not you an accused ?
pause and think a while
Piousness should not be abused.

When all over protest ceases
the perfection reigns supreme
the smoke misrepresents the fire
Let the life become a flame.

LIFE'S RE-ECHOED RHYMES.

Why do you want me to believe
The evil is the normal state of mind.

The unbelief and doubt
are surely the children of times.

There are persons
Spurning another's grief
They may not concede
Their pleasures become brief

As the life advances
The illusions no more wanted
Retaining fascination.
Short-lived, haunted

The fame, recognition, laurel
and the so-said milestones
a time comes when.
They leave living alone.

The heart feels oppressed
The misdeeds
give rise to
sad revelation and scorn.

why do you want me to repeat
it may be simple to become a thief

The mercy and benevolence
are surely
the life's re-echoed rhymes.

श्री जुबला

SANS MEANS

Let me remain in illusion
Let me maintain day dreams
Hoping against hope
May be I
Put me not
The questions why ?

In the Twilight memory
of the milky way
I am in search of the star
I pray

Like a stone of graveyard
in the mundane world
symbolising the pathoes
uptill unheard.

Craving for a shore
The tides go on
waiting for a thrill
the pleasures are gone

The claims are met
with counter claims
The blames are nourished
without any gains

We hate each other
though know not why?
we carry the prejudices
and helplessly cry

We want for mercies
returned with dividends
our deeds are often
shallow self defence

Let me embrace the suffering
let me remain sans means
The soul will only then realise
the serene and sins with truth
and lies.

MENTAL ANGUISH

Though the meeting was first
And we the strangers
Yet your smile was
as lovely as a prayer

And in your company
The homeliness so much
Your look was as intimate
and tender as a touch

In you the hopes
And dreams confine
Was it the love's re-deeming
grace, divine

Two hearts, two souls creat
A Vision of tomorrow
Dispelling yester years
of sorrow

A fregrant heart
Full of ecstasy
A secracy unfolding
with a kindly glee

Desires may be
The regions of hell
delights may be brief
and often illusionary

Dreams result in
mental auguish
devotion still is
The realm of heaven.

ULTIMATE SECRET OF SELF

Yes, I accept
From thee unconditionally
the wine new
in the bottle old
A gone out garment
darned with the new
A coin as a tip
being no more a legal tender
Should I share with you
That the gift from you
is as superfluous to me as to you

If my acceptance
protects the ego
of your benevolence
In deed this is much more
for my consolence

I am bestowed with a treasure
a treasure ever lasting
it overflows only
when shared
if dries up only
when preserved

I am overwhelmed with a prayer
a prayer which bridges
the disharmonies
a prayer which gives word
to every sound
meaning to every word
worship to every meaning

Come ! Come ! to me
far in me is inherent
a treasure of fregrance omnipresent
far in me is imbibed
The melody of sound omni-potent
far in me only lies
the ultimate secret of 'self',

EVERLASTING FREGRANCE

The Sound, the rhythm, the cycle
have remained since creation
the man's unending search
above the conflict of a sentence
dwells a word with a meaning
in self are assimilated
dissolved in the very ultimate

The sound is a prayer
The prayer is the surrender
the surrender is ultimate
and the ultimate is
the treasure
everlasting fregrance

The tyranous may be the journey
The painful may be the approach
but it is with a experience
full of happy score.

THE WOMAN

Nature's resplendent glory
- The woman
Symbol of harmony, unity, oneness
- The woman
Subtle, coy, petite, sublime-divine
- The woman
Woman -a lyrical charm to musician
- a painter's image in perfection
Woman - a perinial source of poetic imagery
Woman - The lender of Senseousness and fantasy

The Woman-
Abode of worship
Temple of humanity
The secret of creation
The *fountain of affection*

Is This all the imposition
challange to the worhsipper's intention
The self-centered calculations
wild attempts to
rename the civilisation
cultural heritage
remains out spoken
fresh measures of valuation.

INORDINATE PRIDE

Whole universe
concentrated in me, I find
'me' encircle in a point, only point
'me' The unknown horizons symbolising.

'ME' is shaped like a rainbow.
in multiple colours
like a single drop
symbolising the unfathomed ocean
like dark clouds
symbolising the rainy season.

'Who am I' in this vast crowd?
'Why am I' in this assembly of strangers?

'How am I' in this cycle of disharmony?

Who is there to tell me
the secret of who, why and how.

often I deny my existence
But still I exist

often I disown the self
I concede, I fail, I can't help

May be, the self
symbolises the darkness
the total eclipse is blessed

It may be, the recognition
summoned by the dead

It may he the 'perfect'
In the shape of vacuum represents
it may be my
achievement in the
disguise of nothingness.

A TREMOR

When my own existence
put me to the witness box
and asked
"how many discredits are
to your credit"?

a momentry silence prevailed
They were the moments
of self realisation
followed by an account of loss or profit
self-apprisal of
so-called achievements

The blessing of loneliness
indebted to the mischivious
desire of possession.

The achievement of insatiated ego
the denial of the spot
of its existence to the
line or the point

Howmuch in store have I
a guiltymind, self-hatred
and dislike.

How freely shared with
others have I
enemity, jealousy and malice

In the ocean of life
only the tide of conscience
has passed away
yet still remains
the mere existence
of course the body and not the soul
yearning for death
like a tree on a
submerging shore

The vast sky emerges
from the tidal sea
The sour smoke covers
The memory-valley
The sound exists
in the shape of echo

The lamps are extinguished
In the hope of a fresh voyage
a rhyme awaits
a dreamy fregrant morning.

From the helucination
awakes a warm sun
promising warmth, splendeur
and hope in the
shape of its rays and light.

Let the plentiff withdraw the case
for the witness which is conscience
is substantially punished
in being confessional
and non-alien

VICTORY SUPREME

When action is
Scared of 'Cause'
The Soud is afraid of omni potent
The life from the death
and the fuel from the fire.

When the present
conceives the yeaster years.
as a dreadful memoir.
And the past
interviews the future
as a prospective buyer
when the history
merely functions
a citation sans admire

when the memory
becomes a jarring music
which neither
comes to climex
nor conclusion

The life starts
storing the mirage
procuring the day-dreams
mirror honestly betrays
the apperance
The defeat is accepted
as a victory supreme.

Self deceit becomes
The proud possession
A smoke of doubt.
The protector becomes
Life is declared safest
Then in the glass-house.

FIERY SOLITUDE

With Whom to sbare the secret
in the hope of being
recognised as every thing
I am left (nothing)

How to accept a counter-echo
as an answer to an echo
How long to sing
in the dark dried well of
consciousness
like a dumb and deaf
why in the process
to creat
I am reduced from an
author to a translator
In search of light
accepting darkness

Countless are the questions
like stars in the galaxy
I find standing
on the dead body
of my own
I read the preface

and take the book
as read for qranted
helplessly counting
the footprints of self
on the sandy ocean of memoir
I am facing a madding croud
In search of locating
My own identity with proud

To me are deslined
The dismanteled nests
of destruction
to me are satisfying
The mile stones
of isolation
and tragic rhymes.

BETWEEN LOSS AND GAIN

Till date survives a swimmer
in me I concede
Pleasure went with the sunk
is yet to be believed

I stood a witness for
The river merging in the sea
blessing of serene surrender
without becoming the river
is yet to be conceived.

The *flowing rivulet*
passing through the snow
For I remained the snow
I could never flow
The pleasure of being melted
how could I ever know.

The sun shares the warmth, I ignore
The flower, the fregrance I deplore
I remained possessive
with my vast store
the pleasure of sharing
Thus I could never explore

A dictionary may provide
a definition of life
But a meaning to it
only behaviour provides
Benevolance remains
The concept of life
Balancing the battle
the behaviour provides.

And now with this
meaningful life
every tide that touches
the shore is 'me' symbolised.

Every drop of ocean
yearning for a seperate recognition.
is my 'Self' magnified.

A *vacuum spot*
between loss and gain
is my existence undenied.

A FROZEN ICE-BURG IN EXILE

How Full was I
How perfect was I
Surviving with ideals
surrounded with day-dreams
fregrant like a west wind
coming from the spring

And you came
Screened my illusive enchantment
and proclaimed them
to be lies
censored the faiths
declaring them the off-springs
of anger dejection and doubts
unrobed my perfection so called
merciful became my survival
like a handicapped
not in physical order.

Oh ! a 'Sahara' awoke within me
with pangs of thirst, yearning hungry
I could locate,
so meaningless became
my own existence
I could reitrate

I found I was
a frozen ice-burg in exile
craving for
a single ray of warmth

In me the horror arose
like one found
In the eyes of a child
lost in a croud.

Frustations replaced
the day dreams, a wanderer
became I
Meaningless became the
life-stream,
Surrounded by Interrogations
Was I
The earth below my foot
sunk,
realised I
Yes, it was probably too late
within me was a cry.

BROKEN DARKNESS

Only in the darkness
vast unknown.
I sink and melt
a discarded stone

In a dry, deep and dark well
I am an echo
denying to die
of my own death.

In the warehouse of life
I have proudly stored
the obligations achieved
and regrets restored

A legacy of uncertainty
I am to succeed
deepening isolations
do tell of thorny deeds

The age remains
like a sand in a fist
visibility is lost
in the unending mist.

Flames, Ah, the story
of by gone days
the smoke had succeeded
it long ways
And now neither flames nor smoke
Ashes symbolise life
like proud decendants.

BLEEDING WOMBS

Denuding one's own destiny
where the only witness is the self
is not it ironical to locate
amongst the crowd of those
who are so-called ours.

Speech requires patience
Expression warrants toterance to self

discussion gives honour to other
But I am devoid of
Speech, expression and discussion
I am left with gesture
outcome of hatred to self
anguish, flame and thunder.

In me the civilisation
has breathed its last
I now invite the crowd
to condole and mourn
I wand to share the shoulders
to carry the coffin
to the grave- yard

My sad, defeted self
shall adorn
few pages in the history bygone
will remain at its mercy
like yellow-dry leaves
of an automn
to a blowing vagabond
west-wind
like a sick and exhausted sun

cremated by an evening
in the horizon onseen.

In the memory stone of the grave yard
I shall exist
like few lines.

PAST-PRESENT AND FUTURE

Past
like a tide
neither owned by the depths
nor accepted by the shore
a show piece
- an antique
in the museum of memoirs
war medels
preserved with care
The asset of an ex-soldier

Present
The fallacy of an star
in accepting itself to be a galaxy
a borrower promising to repay
from the harvest of the past
against self -
a well planned war

Future ?
The mental state of
a person just before
commiting suicide
in sheer self defence
of-course from a blindman
donation of a torch
a half completed painting
the brush torn out
the tubes dried up
A mintage spent
An echo dimmed
and gone

THÉ MELTING SHADOWS.

A dawn emerging
from the motherly laps
of darkness
Amiost the whistling of the birdies
like s flash back of the
bygone dreams
sung with the piper's song

Light is like a proud legacy
season like a painter
painting in the canvas
of sensuousness
different shapes of movement
That are taste and touch
The melody of the smell
the brushes of the imagery
and-moods are the emotions

when the winter sun donates
life in the shape of warmth
why the silence conceives
a cyclone in the shape of form
why the dreams give birth
to dry dreaded deserts.

ON DEMISE OF THE SUN

In search of faith
walking on the roads of doubt
In pursuit of worship
protecting the ego and proud.

We exchange duty with rights
surrender with self-gain
Symphony with mere pain

Life like a broken cup
refuses to repeat the tale
shores do bear the horror
of coming cyclone and grow pale
'present' becomes hostile.
like a growing nail.

Condoling the meeting
on demise of the sun
orater is the evening
while andience is none

To my existence is given definition
it is a mirror house reflection
Behind the veil still it hails
a spotted nothingness prevails.

BLIND INTERIORS

Unawaire of
freezed memoirs
in the mirror of ocean
The present is recording
at the death-bed of past
a dying declaration
How ironical is the confidence
to locate the continent
missing in the hemisphere's portion.

In search of pearls.
embracing the Tragic accidents
we embibe the fortune
of an empty bottle
Boasting as own
The unclaimed good
The property of none
In the process of repaying the debts
mortgaging the smiles
and in exchange of days bygone
bringing home tragic isolations.

Amidst the crowd of happening
on the cross road of life
The christ of faith
Is once again hung

And in search of a new reference
to acquire a fresh meaning
the writing of a fresh bible
is assigned to the deads.

RUSTED PRECEDENCE

A blamish on the forehead
A wound on the back
the tears in the eyes
and disgust in the look
which have failed to fight
yes, this the property
that shall pass
on the death of the generation
That is now lost

Behold a sleeping town
and all alive as dead
the domain of darkness and suffocation
with rusted precedence
the vengeance met
Meet the exceptions governing the order
A chapter fresh written
In the history that is horror

I cannot allow you
to inherit this shadow
Ah ! alone all alone! I shall
celebrate my defeat.

MURKY PAWS

I have willed my desert
to the forth coming monsoon
having done the duty
I am so content
wet words knock the door
begging for a wormth
a meaning a purpose
I have given them
The address of a fregrent season.

The shadows whisper
In the ears of the tree
The darkness descends
The fear becomes free

Tears turn vapour
and vapour survives
The melting snow
provides a bed in disguise
eye-lids bear languer
and languer becomes a prize

A name less pain
haunting through the nerves
from the womb of bygone ages
is once again taking birth.

IN SEARCH OF ECSTASY

Without guaranting sincerity
and a surrender entire
on the foundation of
illwill and malignity
we construct a house of pride and erudition

we furnish the same with vanity
Treachery and falsehood

without being self-less
exact and careful
without being flawless
spontaneous and luminous
without having fire, passion and speed

A journey endlessly pursued
in search of ecestasy supreme.

A MASK WITHOUT FACE

Unborn and undesired quest
betrothes the melancholy ageless
Fatique clings like a tired hope
despair is retained like
a mask without face.

Attempts are on to
reap the rewards of passion
to voyages of suspicion
embrace a dark ocean

In the dreaded forest
The stranger moves
Surroundings are full of
Trees with barren integrity
A lonely isolation is
but destined
Frustrations with well wishers
fatique combine.

NIGHTMARES RULE THE DAY

In search of tomorrow
for today
an ocean, a shore and self
the enchanted rhymes do cry
In the galaxy, the stars
remain unnamed and shy

Under the direction of the dusk
The sun doth move
smoke renamed as fire
dust reigns the empire
The evening refuses to
succeed the day
In search of tomorrow
For today

Ensuring the new melody
The piper begs for a pipe
The nation for a soul
and the soul for a life
who shall pay the price
the generation betrays
nightmares rule the day
In search of tomorrow
for today.

STILL NOT LOSS

We elect the enemies
and select the weapons.
we oblige the neighbours
and satisfy the ego
a good deed done
is not to us the end.
we celebrate the deed.
so that it enjoys reputation
reward, respect in deed.

To welcome a dawn
in memory of night
we have forgotten that
to forgive is the privilage of a might

We stick to precedence
to share the discredit
with the past
the light of a lamp
confirms it is dark
a milestone tells us
what is still not lost

VOWS GROW DIM

The sweet memoirs
of your company
are like closed windows
springs give no temptation
preserving automn, I do,

Outside is a polluted sky
The breezes in solitude cry
pleasures are haunted, dry

The red of many sunsets
The purple of early dawn.
The silver of moonrise
and the sparkle of stars
in the mirky way
where are they?
The love is forgotten
The vows grow dim

A FORGOTTEN DAWN

An overcast sky
The fregrant flowers
The blessed springs
a flowing rivulet
a blooming spring
every thing sensuous
That the nature has in store
so benevolently gifted
but still a deplore
The longings with satiation
do increase
with every sip the melancholy
I really fail to concede

Every height surmounted
every depth measured
multiplies the urge
in manifold, I behold.

A lost moment
rises in me
with a yawn
and I see
all around me
a forgotten dawn.

WEAVERS OF PROBABILITY

Unseen horizons
unknown moments
do compel me to restore
the seperation
As to you I have lost

Holding your arm
we moved to the world
where the sun
retires to bed, when set.

I found weavers
of probability
weaving a net of pathoes
and only now I realise
it is how a seperation
to me was bestowed

Now no body with me does share
The song of melencholy that
rain-drops during
mid-night compose
A loneliness prevails
in the eyes vacant
The dreams are the witness
of the whisper silent.

DESERT OF IGNORANCE

From the forgotten past
There is seldom a knock
Blessed become the warnings
we disown the omenous
and reject the past.

Again, when still seldom
at the door of self
our own self knocks
The same is from unwanted
hence ignore and mock.
And then at the mid night.
We hear a sob.
This is an imprisoned soul
in the forewalls of body
as a silent spectator
we fail to probe

Against every ray of light
revolts the darkness
against every rusted desire
revolts the survival
Against every precedence
revolts the civilisation
We pity others, and pleasure retain
pitying the self we have yet to learn.

NURSING THE PREJUDICES

To achieve
The splendid structure of truth
The cause blended with effect
I had
Harsh words
suspicious looks
Bitter feelings
Clenched hands
notions preconcieved
nursing the prejudices.
Tracing the infinite to the finit
unmanifest to the manifest
the journey from latent to
absolute is
left half undertaken
The concept of disintegration
is from construction
form being paramount over idea
matter triumphing the spirit
truth only is perfect
love alone is harmony

Insert your own self
and feel divine
drink from within the milk
of sweet melody
to dislikes do not confine.

CUPID THE WANTON BOY

Woman, the eternal object
of male fantasies

I realised worshipped, loved
exploited
long half-closed dreaming eyes
pointed nose.
petal-soft lips
full, rounded bosom,
slender waist
long arms tapering fingers.
Man-the maker spectator
and woman the sheer object of desire
woman-an ocean of unfathomable
depth where desire disintegrates
dreams dissolve

In love
The man of sorrows
deep drowned
in obsessive thoughts
sigh sucked up
in numerous odds

The poor wretch
uncrippled by intellect
intruder turns consciousness

How splendid are the reactions
the stray image of the beloved
chin and brow gleaming
with idiotic rapture
A mere Touch
The face filled *with blood*
icy are the finger tips
cheeks go from salmon pink
to fiery red
Yes, you blush being in love
An Imbrace
and you are coated with wetness.

Scientists award the credit
to autonomic nervous system
Anotomists to mischievous nature
inciting copulation
by assigning opposite harmones
to half the human race
intellectuals by calling love
an illness
an incurable disease

To the writer
This protracted fever of
chronic undying love.
is a flow of fregrance
from scented flowers

is a song of silence
sung softly along with monsoon showers.

But this cruel sport
of cupid-the wanton boy
can the sport be played
for ever ?
love-yeh ! as well
loses its virulence
eventually burns itself out

The role of copulation is over
The smoke becomes the flame
scornful smile-the nature's domain.

FALSE ESTIMATE

Leaving no stones
unturned
For pleasures-so called
invite every sun-burn

Falsehood from truth
lowness from things lofty
pain in barter
from pleasares innocent
A mere crowd from friends
From well-wishers so called
offering vengence in return

Mirage are the gains
That exist not
Like spider's web
The efforts
Swinging the rope
attached to our own belt

Successes registered
by platform of ego and status
mind-purely a creature
of accidental impulse
acts generate not
from inward spring

To bè content with
what we have
we have yet to learn
to get rid of false estimate
is still our greatest concern.

MORTGAGING THE MAGNANIMITY

An idiology-child of eternity
Religion-the father of
Trust, hope and love
Alas ! we nurse a malice
In their name
we encourage prejudice
and still call us sane

An emotion like a flower
ever-fregrant
restored by a feeling bitter
and anger impotent

A reverence is blessed like a prayer
we asign to it
a look suspicious
gratitude like a prisoner of danger

Each association
with mercenary motives
promises still made
in the name of Almighty

Nouns are the same
Adjectives to them are reallotted

A day is known not by joys
but by fears
A night not by stars
but by darkness.
A society not by friends
but by strangers
A crowd not by aspirations
but by hatred
An opposition not by those
who propogate truth
but by those who are Jealous
and feel inferior.

To the harmonies of life
we turn a deaf ear.
heart throbs of humanity
we fail to hear.

Dictated we are
and to the dictator
we surrender the simplicity
Trust we loose
and mortgage the magnanimity.

O WANDERER-COME BACK HOME

The Scent of the earth
after showers.
Shadows of swifty passing clouds
The fluted note of bird's song
Murmur of little rills.
baunted call from horizons
light of the unfathomed skies
The sad moaning of the wind among the trees
The wandering of the brook with glee.

for, to see the nature in bloom
very little springs to my life
are now in room
O wanderer, be back home

Be back to begin again
he back to dream again
How to call it home without you
where neither the joy is shared
nor sorrow eased.
synonym of home
The kindness, loyalty
the comradeship from
the warmth of a loving heart
have all gone with you.
O wanderer be back home.

Where harmony is beauty
and loyalty is security
where love is joy
and peace is plenty
with you such and abode
can turn into a home
o wanderer, be back home.

Come and I shall tell you
That you are loved,
Give me your arms
which hold the incense
upon which prayers to
heaven float
O wanderer, be back home

Come, for I have
located the refreshing spring water
Dip my cup in it
and enliven my sensitivity
to life's meaning
from the height where
you have left me alone
come and share with me
The omnipresent horizon
O wanderer, be back home.

OBSTACLES LIKE THISTLE

If the intention is fervent
the courage stead fast
The irritations turn into a pearl
oyster's prescription be sought

Let the winds of adversity blow
welcome the clouds black
if crystal rains are to flow
wel come the nights dark
if laughing days are to grow.

The obstacles prick like thistle
Till touched timidly
grasp them boldly
from every storm you steer safely

To the challanging despairs
undaunted we remain
even when synonym to tears
the rainbows become.

Confront the problems.
and a solution you get.
to the imperceptible past
let the time and patience
a deaf ear turn.

GIVE UNCONDITIONALLY

A happiness which needs
no outward stimulus
is with one
who is needed
he is the cause of happiness in others
he multiplies happiness
by sharing them with others
he stops adding his possessions
inslead substracts from the
sum of his desires.

Stand porter at the door of mind.
realise you will, i am sure
The sanest Joy of life you'll find
to observe others happy.

Bring rest to the weary
cheer to the discouraged
smile to the sick
sunshine to the sad.
And you add
rhythm and grace
to your living
Justification to your being.

Give unconditionally
and behold
that the happiest heart
that ever beat
Was of none others
but yours.

ASSASSINATED VOICES

The day is never a witness.
of a dark night
innumerous are the conspiracies
the christ of darkness
is sobbing in the lonely solitude
do not bestow to him a crowd.
The address to the thirsty
of a dark dry well
is not a bliss
but a suicide.

This iron tolerance
shall give rise
to a volcano
that shall erupt.

Truth shall prevail
They say though
censored are the news
mosquitos shall starve not
as they are inside
the mosquito net
and for their night feast
There is a body nude.

A HIJACKED FUTURE

Election manifestos
promises and dreams
Ninty crores to elect
five hundred forty
a bad becomes better
than worst
and to elect the lessor
of the two evils.

In the jaws are
poor, down trodden and needy
in the *set* up the
future is hijacked by
nepotism
Betrayal is at the alter of
greed and opportunism.

Anti-socials and criminals
are the first choice
for party's ticket
a misguided youth exposed
to multiple culture
blessed with root less ness
bearing a mistaken identity
san's clearity justice and
genuine title

comprises of oneforth voter
Is not it ironic
That this just 'major' group.
Who neither seeks
nor reasons.
nor rereasons.
nor dares to call 'yoso'
and 'Bhagwan' both stupid
is to elect a representative.

And if resources are to be
given to people directly
and if we have to strengthen
the democracy.
and ascertain social justice
for all
we have to locate and
garland these five hundred
forty fortunates
and go for hallucination
for another five years.

OFTEN

Often we plead
In self-defence
The good intentions
For every consequence
Which is unwelcome

Often we speak
craving for mere attention
-on subjects
which are least known

Often we turn critic
-when our own writing
fails to prove the worth

Often we hold a book
Upside down
And narrate the story
Regarding fall of A crown

We hold a *mirror*
But for others
we contract an agreement
to restrain others

A bridge is required
Between thought and mind
A compromise is wanted
Between mine and thine.

UTOPIAS AND NIGHTMARES

On the dias you stood
To Speak
Arousing our curiousity
You preached.
Ignoring our protest
You declared us to be
The direct decendants of 'Eklavya'
Is not it unfair
To prescribe a sore pill
To a healthy
Is not it true
That a wise man
Avoids audience
a wiser speaks less
and the wisest often behaves
like a deaf and dumb

If An assessment
is passed summarily
if a death can occur
without notice
If a Minor of itomic era
Disowns his parenthood
with pleasure
A preamble

With mere utopais
And nighmares
Ideals and theories and dreams
Deserves to be disowned
The laws of the nation
Where a guilty is acquitted
And innocent punished.
where the concepts are negative
and judgements are biased
where anti-socials rule the society
And mafias are politicians

A constitution
That provides no remedy for
pain remorse and despair
Becomes obsolete
The generation craves for
Fresh values of life complete.

MY FRIENDS

My friend goes to temple
another to mosque
the third to synagogue
with pride the christian says
christ kissed the cross
for the sins of we all

I know the worshipers
evil exists in them
prayers devoid of humility
hypocritic their actions
treacherous the deeds
and hollow their prayers.

They claim communion
with almighty
they use, misuse, abuse almighty
yet on His face a smiling tone prevails

To me they speak sweet
though below honey the sting hides
come with a broad smile
with enmity at their hearts

Though foes in disguise
they are my friends